

OUR DUMB Animals



AMERICA
EDUCATION



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
Assistant Editor — WILLIAM M. MORRILL

★

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States, one dollar each in Canada or foreign countries.

★

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

★

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Publication office, 48 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Address all communications to Boston office. Entered as Second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.



VOLUME 79—No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1946

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

Officers

ERIC H. HANSEN, President DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, Chairman of the Board

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY, & STOREY, Counsel

★

Trustees of Permanent Funds

JOHN R. MACOMBER, Chairman of the Board, First Boston Corporation

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Attorney, Trustee and Corporation Official

CHARLES E. SPENCER, JR., President, First National Bank of Boston

★

Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

JOSEPH MOONEY, Treasurer's Assistant

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Longwood 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, Chief Officer

HARRY L. ALLEN HOWARD WILLAND
HARVEY R. FULLER

County Prosecuting Officers

HERMAN N. DEAN, Boston	Middlesex and Norfolk
FRED T. VICKERS, Wenham	Essex
HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester	Worcester
CHARLES E. BROWN, New Bedford	Bristol and Plymouth
HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis	Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket
T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield	Berkshire

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter,
Methuen

JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville
Wenham, Cherry Street
Brockton, 226 Pearl Street
Winchester, 432 Washington Street

Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — MRS. JESSIE BERWICK, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH FOSTER, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — JAMES BOWER, Jr., Pres.; BROOKS WHITE, Treas.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary — MRS. LAWRENCE DAVIS, Pres.; MRS. LINDSEY H. CHILSON, Treas.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary — MISS LEONTINE T. POTE, Pres.; MRS. WILLIAM N. BEGGS, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A. — MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

American Humane Education Society

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Florida L. Byrne, Tacoma, Washington
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. Dr. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wenzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

E. J. H. Escobar.....	Colombia
Luis Pareja Cornejo.....	Ecuador
Leonard T. Hawksley.....	Italy
S. C. Batra.....	India
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton.....	Madeira
Dr. A. T. Ishkanian.....	Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....	Turkey

★

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue—Telephone Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M., Chief of Staff
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.
M. S. ARLEIN, D.V.M.
W. A. WILCOX, D.V.M.
W. D. JONES, D.V.M.
B. L. COFFIN, V.M.D., Pathologist
HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
J. ROBERT SMITH, District Manager

JOHN T. BROWN, Prosecuting Officer

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff
R. L. LEIGHTON, V.M.D.
L. H. SCAMMAN, D.V.M.

Adolescence

THROUGHOUT the years, many outstanding books and articles have been written about the subject of adolescence, and still, parents of teen-age children often wonder where they can find the wisdom to guide them through another year, with all the changes — mental and physical — through which their children must pass this fateful period of their career.

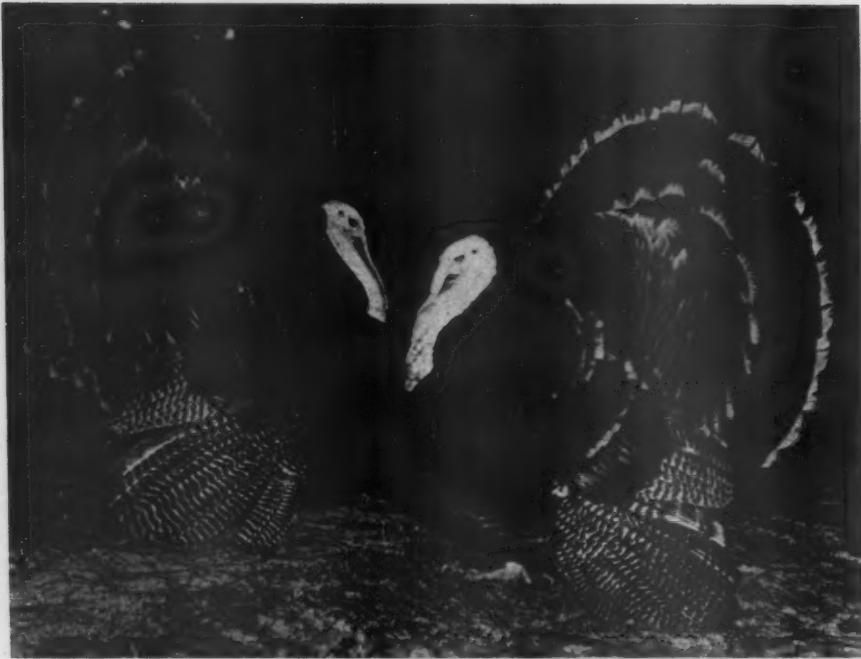
Today the child is happy and contented — tomorrow, brooding, melancholy, suffering perhaps from a bad case of childish love, or something or other — he knows not what.

This period can be very trying to parents who sometimes begin to wonder if their children really care for them. It is a stage which calls for unfailing patience and understanding in order to appreciate the emotional transition taking place and, unless carefully handled, it can result in disaster.

A prominent clergyman mentioned some time ago that perhaps the world itself is at present in its adolescent stage — so much is confusing and uncertain. In the future — and it may be a far distant future — it too will grow up and become adult, and so possibly be a better place in which to live.

Great world upheavals, as a rule, have ultimately produced better conditions for the people who inhabit our common earth. The development of man and the world in which he lives is a slow, often tortuous, process. Let those who worry unduly today have faith in the future. One of these days the world, we must believe, will be far nearer than it is today to that far-off goal toward which, we are told, the whole creation moves.

E. H. H.



"Swing your partners!"

Turkey in the Straw

By FLORENCE G. BRUXER

THE title of the old dance tune, "Turkey in the Straw," is, perhaps, a very apt one.

Did you ever see a turkey quadrille? I never had, until one day, some years ago, on Norfolk Island, about 600 miles northeast of Auckland, New Zealand. I was busy about some household task, when a maid I had came running, calling excitedly for me to hurry and see the turkeys dance.

My husband and I had a flock of about twenty turkeys, some gobblers, the others, hens, varying in plumage from gray to white. A beautiful black was among them, also a glossy ginger. The lawn in front of the house sloped down to a smooth patch of ground, and there, much to my amazement was a strange sight. Arranged as though for the set of a quadrille stood the gobblers, each

a short distance from the other, and each surrounded by four or five hens. Stretching wide their wings, raising their tails and puffing out their red goatees, the gobblers would jump high in the air, while the hens circulated about them. Every once in a while they would change places, exactly as though working out the steps of a reel or quadrille. It goes without saying that just as excitedly as the maid had called me, I called my husband and the children to witness the scene, too.

I was told that this weird performance denotes some sort of disturbance of the elements, or even disaster. At any rate three days later a terrific hurricane visited the Island. This same strange phenomenon, with the subsequent strange result, has been known to happen in the Hebrides and also in the Solomon Islands.

At any rate, it was an experience I shall never forget.

Wind, Leaf and Kitten

By LYNN HAMILTON

*The autumn wind whisks up the leaves,
The kitten chases after,
While fairies peeping through the grass
Hold their sides with laughter,
As the funny little fellow,
His fur blown all awry,*

*With arching back and springing feet
Does everything but fly.
Each leap and bound is rhythmic grace,
Gayer than theme by Mozart written—
This arpeggio and staccato
Played by wind, leaf, and kitten.*

Here and There

ONE of the most interesting of modern studies is the mind in animals. With the growth of the recognition of mind in animals, there has naturally come the more considerate treatment of them. The recognition of animal sensibility to pain has at length become a civilizing force in the life of man. Cruel must he be who ignores this kinship between his dog and the members of his own household.

—The Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D.

JUST as soon and so far as we put into all our schools more Humane Education, and foster the spirit of justice and kindness toward the lower creatures—just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots, not only of cruelty but of crime.

—Miriam A. Ferguson

THE grievous loss, by death, of Bishop Paul de Labilliere and the appointment of the new Dean, Canon Don, have in no way affected the plans for the Animal Sunday Service in Westminster Abbey on October 6. The service will be held on the evening of that day.

This paragraph taken from *Animal World*, publication of the Royal S.P.C.A., London, England, is significant of the English viewpoint where animals are concerned. We wonder what church in America of such widespread fame as Westminster Abbey conducts a service for animals.

THE most lovable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. It is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.

—Rotary Bulletin

FIVE great enemies to peace inhabit with us, namely, avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride. If these enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

—Petrarch

THERE is little that can withstand a man who can conquer himself.

—Louis XIV



Bears of a Sort

by Florence

Nelson

ANIMATED TEDDY BEARS

ARABIA has its camels, India its elephants, Siberia its reindeer, and Africa its lions, and other jungle animals, but of all the countries on earth, none have any creatures so quaint and appealing as Australia's Koala Bears, which are not bears at all, but marsupials, meaning animals that grow inside their mother's pouch, or vest pocket—the same as the kangaroo.

When you see little Mr. Koala seated comfortably in the crotch of his favorite eucalyptus, or gum tree, where he likes to make his home, you would have a great desire to lift him down and take him away with you for a pet. Nor would he object, for though he is quite shy, he is very friendly. You could lift him quite easily, since he weighs but thirty pounds, which is about the size of a well-fed pussy cat. Should you come near him, he would not move, but would look at you with a surprised baby stare which you would find very amusing.

This bear prowls around by night and sleeps soundly during the day. One rarely sees a group together, for they are not sociable among themselves, preferring

solitude to each other's company. Perhaps, being wise little animals, they are not anxious to get into family arguments and strive to avoid these as much as possible by remaining alone.

They, like the trapeze performer, whom we are fond of watching in the circus, are high climbers. But they can go much farther and in far less time than this circus artist, because each toe of the Koala includes a sharp, curved needle claw, which makes him especially agile. These sharp claws help him to climb quickly to the top of the tall tree or up a pole or flag-mast where he perches by the hour, viewing the landscape with his round stare and thinking his own little bear thoughts, which he is careful to keep to himself. Nor does the strongest wind sway him or bring him down from his lofty seat.

Like most human parents who have to correct their offspring at times, the mother Koala corrects hers with a cuff on her baby's ears. The little one does not take kindly to this and cries as though his little heart would break, but since they are all gentle animals, the mother

bear doesn't mean to hurt her child; the cuff being intended only to teach some needed lesson.

As you have already learned, a baby Koala grows inside his mother's warm, cozy vest pocket. It stays there for about three months, or until it becomes around six inches long; when it slowly creeps out into its mother's arms, but the mother does not hold it there, for she must climb. Later, the little one digs his sharp claws into her soft, woolly fur and clings to her back, being carried about in a sort of pickaback fashion. When he is from six to ten months old, he is able to climb for himself.

If you chance to pass by a toy window filled with teddy bears, it would be easy to mistake these for Australia's little pets; and were you to see some Koala bears, you might think they were teddies, for both have the same roly-poly, tailless bodies, short arms, small bright eyes and grayish-brown soft fur; the difference being that the Koalas are living, moving animals, and the teddies are only stuffed toys.



Curious Dog Facts

By H. E. ZIMMERMAN

DOGS and men have been friends for five thousand years. The Egyptians worshipped them, and dog statues have been dug up in ancient tombs. Both the Chow and the Pekingese have come to us from China, where the Chow is the common village dog. The Pekingese, however, is of royal line. Five of them were found left behind in a palace when Peking was sacked many years ago. One was sent to Queen Victoria, the others to the Duchesses of Wellington and Richmond. It is from this small group that most of the Pekes are descended. Legend has it that the first Peke of all was really a lion that, by means of wizardry, reduced himself in size to suit the whim of a lady love.

There is also a legend how lapdogs got into Ireland. In the beginning Britain seems to have had a monopoly on tiny dogs, while Ireland was without them. And it was forbidden to give or sell a tiny dog to an Irishman. But, as it happened, an English law decreed that a criminal should be given to the man he had wronged, so a clever Irishman succeeded in getting a tiny lapdog to "injure" him. The ruse succeeded, and the dog was taken to Ireland, where all the kings fought among themselves for possession of her, until she brought about peace by producing a large litter of puppies.

A most extraordinary law concerning dogs was current in England in the days of Edward I. Only those who lived a considerable distance from the forest were permitted to keep large dogs, for fear they might form themselves into hunting packs. A dog-gauge was used, and only dogs that could squeeze through this wire were allowed within a ten-mile radius.

In those days dogs were so valuable that fines were often paid on them. An astonishing law was passed in the reign of Edward III, when it was decreed that only "gentlemanly dogs" were allowed to wander over London's streets alone or at night. Others were liable to a fine of seventy-five cents.

Animals in Our Garden

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

IT'S a happy combination when a man likes animals and flowers. In that case much of his garden could well be devoted to floral and other botanical reminders of our four-footed friends.

Jungle dwellers are remembered in Tiger Lilies and the Tiger-flower that belongs to the popular iris family. Elephant's Foot might vie for attention with the purple Fox-glove.

There could be Horseradish and Cowslips, "ranged all in a row," as the poet reminds us. And there's Horseweed, a plant which so far belies its name that it is not a weed at all, but a member of the aster family.

Dogwood and Dogbane would take care of the canine tributes, while our feline friends have given name to Catnip or Catmint, and Pussywillows. Unless our gardener is really vigilant there might even be some Dandelions that haven't the remotest connection with Leo the lion.

There is a variety of moss known as Wolf's-foot, for no reason at all, while the Horseweed also answers to Fleabane. In some parts of the country this garden of animal tributes might well include an Alligator pear or two.

For that matter, the world of botany did not altogether forget the world of birds. There is the Duckweed and the Gooseberry, as well as Chickweed and Bantam Corn, among others. But this sort of thing could go on indefinitely!



Villagers may sleep with their pigs, goats, cows, and chickens, according to an ordinance in Clawson City, Michigan.



Have you ordered your Christmas gift subscriptions and greeting card calendars? See the two back pages for further information.

WE got our dog today. I went down to the express depot, and there in a crate, labeled, "I am only a puppy; please water me often," sat "Red," a tip of tongue stuck jauntily out of his mouth, his head cocked expectantly to one side. That isn't his real name, of course. He has a very long name, that of a distinguished canine family, but it is too many syllables for a dog that still falls over his own big feet. So, Red it is.

We weren't going to get another dog, when "Shep" died, we said. We missed him too much. There was an awful hollow feeling when we came up the drive at night and no huge dog came bounding out to greet us. There was no sense in becoming so attached to an animal that you let him break your heart.

And, besides that, dogs were a lot of trouble. They got sick, and you couldn't just let them alone as people used to do—you had to take them to the veterinarian and spend a lot of money. Then, you had to buy a license, and you had to get the ticks out of their coats. They wouldn't eat and you worried about them.

The neighbors objected to their casual stroll through the flower beds. You had to house break them and stop them from chasing cars and explain that the paper boy and the milk man were not enemies.

We recalled that it was never any fun going on a vacation because we worried about the dog. Was he grieving? Was he being properly cared for? If we boarded him in a kennel, we worried for fear he might have cramped quarters; if we left him at home in familiar surroundings, we had to ask a neighbor to feed him. Never for us the pleasure of suddenly following a whim and deciding to spend the night out of town, instead of driving home; there was a hungry dog waiting for us and we couldn't let him down. Besides, Shep, on these occasions, took matters into his own hands, and walking down to the street intersection where he had a clear view of any route we might come, he sat down and resolutely lifting his head, he barked long and loud and in a manner that sent the chills coursing down one's spine.

Well, he was gone, and we had arrived at the state of mind where we could remember him without hurting, and we'd just let well enough alone. That's what we said. We were happy and carefree—unhampered. We could do things on the spur of the moment without considering any dog.

Oddly enough, it was Shep, himself, who helped convince us that we were wrong. In remembering, we would smile over the things he had done—sitting so big and foolish in the back seat of the car, if we left the door open, on the mere chance that we'd take him riding; accompanying all the ladies and their new babies on their morning walks; climbing into the porch chairs and peering inquisitively through the windows. We began to feel that the house and yard was lacking something. In due course of time, we began looking through dog magazines. We repeated the old arguments about what we were letting ourselves in for.

How can you love a puppy you've never seen, I thought. I might not even like him; he might not do at all! But, somehow, there I was at the express depot looking in the crate at Red. He looked right back. I never did like a dog that was friendly with everyone, anyway, I thought defensively.

He enjoyed the ride home, but he was unperturbed and complacent about it. Haughty, one might say. "Of course, you're going to be a nuisance," I said. "I've asked for a lot of trouble in buying you, and it's evident that you don't know your place." He sat very still while I was talking, his eyes steady and searching on mine. Well, I like a dog that listens when you talk.

* * *

A little while ago, Red trotted possessively across the front yard. He saw me on the porch, and there was a flirt of his tail in recognition. The sun slanted across his coat. "He'll be a beauty," I thought. But it was more than that, much more. There was life to the yard. A certain feeling of loneliness was already gone. I'm glad Red has taken over.

Our Dog

Came

Today

by Marguerite Nixon



"Red" has taken over the household.



"Now, I'll tell you one."

Strange Friendship

WHATEVER language "Cinders," the cat, and "Loreeta," 42-year-old parrot, might have in common, they certainly are keeping it a secret from the world. The two pets, owned by Mrs. Emily Banville, of Everett, Massachusetts, have formed a friendship unusual when one considers the time-worn feud between those of the feline clan and birds of a feather. This unusual photograph was taken by Bruce Charles McLean, a 14-year-old neighbor of Mrs. Banville.



Bird's Nest You Can Eat

YOU'VE got to hand it to the salangane. This bird doesn't make just a house to live in. He builds one which can be eaten, too.

No doubt you have often heard of birds' nest soup — and conjured up a vision of twig-and-hair-nests floating in kettles of hot water. The salangane does not make this kind of a dwelling, and that is why the Orientals have found his home good to eat. The Salangane's nest is made of seaweed.

It takes about ninety days for the completion of an edible nest. When this one is stolen the bird patiently starts on another, completing the second, oddly enough, in only thirty days. This nest is stolen, too. Still not discouraged, the bird builds again, and this time is left in peace.

The salangane is an East Indian swift, found in Malaya and Australia.

—Ida M. Pardue

"Pagliacci" Comes Home

By ROY DENIAL

HERE was our mighty troopship but a few feet from a pier where in a matter of hours we would be setting foot on the United States mainland for the first time in several years. And every one of us had every reason to welcome that moment. That is, everyone except Seth. Even homecoming could be a painful process if a fellow had to desert his best friend at the pier. It so happened, Seth's friend "Pagliacci," was a small black and white terrier he had stumbled across in Italy. Ever since that day the little fellow had followed Seth's every move and command, even to lying still in the cab of a water-proofed truck during the beach landing in Southern France.

It hadn't been easy for Seth to carry Pagliacci with him over half the continent of Europe. With the rest of us, Seth had to undergo frequent inspections, where, had Pagliacci been discovered, he would surely have been taken from his loving master. Now, however, things didn't look so good for Pagliacci. In a half hour we were to have a final "shake-down" inspection of all our equipment and personal belongings. It was to be held in troop headquarters and no one was to be excused.

I was so worried about the little dog that just a few minutes before inspection I walked over to Seth's bunk and asked him what he intended to do to save Pagliacci. Seth didn't bother to answer. He simply bent down and stroked the little terrier's chin, while Pagliacci's tail

wagged excitedly, love bubbling in his little black eyes. For a split second, as the two stood there looking at each other, it seemed as though they shared some secret all their own.

A shout of "Inspection! Two minutes!" shook me loose from my stupor and I slowly made my way back to my bunk. No sooner had the inspecting officer entered than he issued an immediate command: "Put on your packs, men, and file up onto 'A' Deck ready to debark. All the rest of your equipment is to be left in quarters until after inspection. Now, March!"

We all filed out immediately, carrying our packs, while the colonel proceeded to go through troop quarters with a fine tooth comb. There had been utterly no time to do anything. I could imagine little Pagliacci shivering quietly in some corner, waiting discovery. We were up on deck before I had another chance to speak to Seth. I couldn't help but talk about what was nearest my mind. "It's a rotten shame, Seth, that you had to lose the little dog when you were so near to getting him home with you."

Then Seth smiled, and without saying a word, turned and walked over toward the companionway. I stood there open-mouthed, unable to speak, as I watched Seth's pack, jiggling on his back as he disappeared in the crowd of soldiers. For there nudging his black little nose from under the flap of the G-I pack was Pagliacci.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Lovely Aphrodite

*The loveliest creature in the sea,
Our science experts say;
I'm sorry, but you cannot see
This beauty every day.*

*The sea mouse gives out gorgeous rays,
But science will affirm,
That this rare beauty of the sea
Is nothing but a worm!*

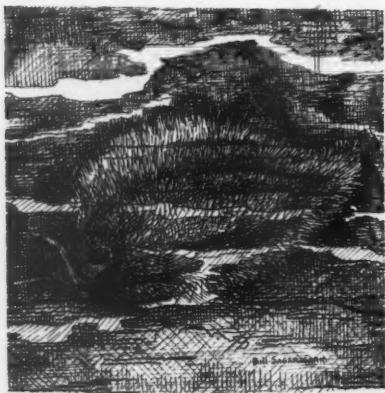




Photo by Leo D. Harris

This prairie dog ventures out to visit with his neighbors.

Indian legend explains prairie dog creation as a—

Tragic Verdict

By MYRTLE S. NORDE

INDIAN legends and animal lore go hand in hand. Probably the most tragic of these is the tale of the prairie dog. Once, the story goes, a terrible famine swept the forest. Food was very scarce and the Great Spirit, wanting to help, planned a feast. He invited all the animals to come so that none would starve.

He killed a huge bear and prepared it, seasoning it well, and hung it on an arrow driven through the logs of his lodge. When the guests arrived, they eagerly began devouring the food, but after the first mouthful, they began coughing. The seasoning was bitter!

Afraid of offending the Great Spirit if they excused themselves to go in search of water, they said nothing and kept eating. Unable to suppress their acute fits of coughing, the noise they made almost deafened the Great Spirit. Angered by their seeming lack of appreciation, he turned them all into prairie dogs. He drove them out of the forest to live on the dry prairie land. There, he told them, they could cough and bark without deafening anyone, and, because they had been so rude, there would be no water. They left their beautiful forest home and have never been per-

mitted to return. It was the verdict of the Great Spirit.

A friendly fellow, the prairie dog has learned to like his "dog" village, where ordinarily live from forty to one thousand inhabitants. Darkness does not appeal to these animals, so they spend most of their time above ground, visiting their neighbors, barking the news of the day down the village streets and by-ways, and serving duty as guards.

With the approach of an enemy, the badger, fox, wolf, eagle, or hawk, the guard cries out a sharp warning. Instantly every "dog" stops and listens, completely motionless. With the next cry of the guard, every "dog" darts to his burrow, pokes his stubby nose just above the ground, fearful that he might miss some of the excitement. However, with the final warning, every "dog" dives down his burrow, sputtering with anger at being chased out of the sunlight.

Their colonies are found in arid wastelands and pastures, and it is remarkable to learn that they can live entirely without water, except for the early morning dew. The legend leads one to believe that this fact was commonly accepted by the early Indians. Even life without water was possible if

the Great Spirit had wished it so.

Actually, prairie dogs really have a city all their own. It is nothing less than a subterranean housing development on a huge scale. It is a gay and boisterous metropolis, with its avenues stretching for miles and miles. Years ago, a prairie dog city was observed and said to number four hundred million inhabitants—three times the human population of the United States.

This underground burrow city was surveyed and found to be two hundred and fifty miles long and almost a hundred miles wide. Each family of prairie dogs has its own quarters, which is almost fourteen feet deep. They visit with their neighbors, gossip and chatter and if more housing is needed they dig another burrow. Occasionally they can be seen at the opening of their burrow home, standing on their hind legs, munching food held in their front paws.

These little fellows are about a foot in length, with a golden brown body. In the spring when they come out to find green vegetation, a sentry stands guard on his hind legs and when danger is in the air, he gives a "Skit, Skit," bark and the inhabitants of prairie dog city scamper for their homes.

ATTACKS

SALE

Advocacy



Press Association

ORPHANED NO LONGER

Orphaned when their mother was killed, these eight-pound fawns, "Tom" and "Jerry," were found near Potosi, Missouri. "Elsie," a Jersey cow at the home of Riley Gladden in Steelville, Missouri, made their acquaintance and adopted them. Here the fawns are at lunch.

the fawns are at lunch.

ARTIST AND HIS DOG

"Oh, no, not that color, Paul," cautions "Van Gogh" as he attempts to stay the master's hand. "Van Gogh" is a six-year-old terrier, owned by the American artist, Paul Meltsner (shown here). The artist has made ten paintings of his pet. Recently at one of the bond rallies, where his paintings have been sold, Meltsner was asked if he would give "Van Gogh" to a dog lover if the latter purchased two million dollars in bonds. The artist refused.



Wide World Photos

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

REVIEWS



Press Association

DOG HERO IN NEW YORK

Anita Blair, of El Paso, Texas, crosses a street in New York City with her Seeing-Eye dog, "Fawn," who led the twenty-three-year-old blind girl to safety in the LaSalle Hotel fire in Chicago, last spring.



Wide World Photos

EAGER MAILDOG

"Bubbles," canine mail carrier of Armstrong, Minnesota, here poses with her master, Postmaster Odean Olson, to show how she handles a mail pouch. Every day Bubbles sets off from the post office to the station as she hears the whistle of the Milwaukee mail train. She picks up the pouch as it is dropped from the train, and delivers it to the post office. Since she's a police dog, she guards the mail carefully.

What about Bats

BATS have been speculated about for ages, for they are one of the few animals that have retained their original form and peculiarities since the days of earliest antiquity. Superstition has often clothed them with all sorts of strange powers which they do not—and never could have possessed.

There are at least four hundred and fifty species of these queer, wing-shaped mammals—natives of such far-away countries as Java, Ceylon, Burma, certain portions of India and other lands where tropical climates prevail—sleeping throughout the long daylight hours, and waking at night to fly about so noiselessly that few can detect their presence, except the most observant.

Bats—like certain kinds of birds—are not fond of cold weather, and those that winter "up north" prepare their domiciles in caverns, vaults, or the ruins of unoccupied buildings where they cling with their feet, head downward under

By

FLORENCE NELSON

the rafters, till the warmth of spring ends their hibernating and calls them to the great outdoors, there to blend once again with the twilight shadows.

There are many interesting kinds of bats, from the gaily colored ones which inhabit the warmer climates, and resemble large butterflies, to the fruit-eating kinds which are native to the south Orient and Australia. Among the larger species are the Catalina Flying Fish, found in southern California. These latter measure eighteen inches long and are the strongest fliers of the group—as well as perhaps the most widely known.

Bats, as a rule, produce but one or two little bat-lets, and the mother is greatly devoted to her little ones, sucking them till they are ready to fly.

According to J. Frank Browning, these animals are far from handsome creatures, and, yet, as we learn to know them better we find that many of them are beneficial to mankind. Take a bat in your hand. You'll immediately feel the animal tremble all over. Why? Simply because to those delicate wings, perhaps the most sensitive sense-organs in



THE BROWN BAT

the world, the touch of your palm is like a rasping file.

Those tender wings and his big vibrating ears are the mystery and wonder of the bat. They enable him to fly in the darkest night, through the thickest forest, when his eyes are of little use to him, and pursue his insect prey without striking a single trunk or branch.

Radar equipped, these wings that "see" in the dark, are made up of a close network of fine nerves that are able to detect in advance any obstacle that is in the line of travel. Experimenters have blindfolded bats and released them in a large room where many ropes were suspended from the ceiling. Result—the bats flitted around with their customary bullet-speed, without touching a single rope!

In certain parts of the South huge bat shelters and roosts are maintained for the good they do in destroying enormous quantities of flying moths and other harmful insects.

And so we see that gentleness should be shown this creature who, in spite of his strange appearance and harsh voice, is a real friend to man.

The Cat's Motor

In winter-time

When it is cold,

Our Kitty Cat

Acts like a mole.

She burrows down

In our warm bed,

Then soon becomes

A sleepy-head.

But before

The sandman's gone,

A little motor

She turns on.

She lets it run

About a mile,

Then turns it off

And coasts awhile.

She is so sweet,

Our little cat,

It's always fun

To take a nap

So we can listen

To her purr,

And cuddle up

That bit of fur.

—Beije Alford

Paper-Dog By FRED CORNELIUS

YVETTE" is a little cocker spaniel, and her coat is as black as a drop of ink. She is very smart and, of course, her master and mistress are proud of her.

Yvette likes to do simple tricks, so, one day, her master decided to teach her to bring in the paper when the boy threw it into the front yard.

At first she did not catch just what her master wanted her to do, but, with a lot of patient work, he at last made her understand. From then on she took to her new job joyously. When she heard the paper hit in the yard, she would run to the door to be let out, dash across the yard, pick the paper up in her mouth and bring it to her master. Then her master would pet her and give her a raisin, which she liked very much.

But never was the little dog given more than one raisin for this service for, after all, a little dog should not be fed too much of that sort of food.

Then, one day, a funny thing hap-

pened. Yvette must have thought that if she got one raisin for bringing in one paper, she should get two raisins if she brought her master two papers. So she ran down the street to meet the boy.

When he threw a paper in the yard on the corner, Yvette went in and got it. She followed the boy to the next door and picked up that paper, too. Now she had two papers in her mouth, which was all that she could manage at one time.

She ran as fast as she could to her own home and dropped the papers at her master's feet, then dashed back into her own yard, got the family's paper and brought that in, too. Then she stood and wagged her little stub of a tail, waiting for her raisins.

But her master did not give her three raisins. He gave her one. That was a great puzzle for a little black dog to solve, and it was a long time before Yvette learned that she was to bring in only her own paper.

Laddie's Vigil

WHILE burglar alarm experts and insurance companies may not take kindly to the idea, Toronto has one well-trained watchdog who removes all necessity even for a watchman during the long hours of the night.

He is "Laddie," faithful Alsatian, who lives continuously at Jarvis Street Baptist Church in Toronto, Ontario. Any one doubting the sagacity and alertness of Laddie has only to walk into the rotunda and church offices of Jarvis Street Church any evening after dark, and the remarkable dog will immediately give a demonstration of his thoroughness.

"He's a watchdog by instinct, that's all there is to it," one remarked. However, Laddie's real boss is a man by the name of Jim Scouse, and it is he who has trained the canine to obey orders.

When church services or meetings are in progress, Laddie rests in his own quarters in the basement. At other times he is on patrol.

One time, not many months ago, a visiting delegate from an out-of-town Baptist church dropped in at the church. Laddie was curled up on a seat in the rotunda, hidden from view. When the visitor passed by Laddie decided that this was a stranger and he must not be allowed to pass.

In far less time than it takes to tell of the incident, he had the visitor securely held by the seat of his trousers. The visiting churchman almost fainted.

When money is being counted in the church offices, Laddie always lies on the floor at the safe door. He stays faithfully on the job until the counting is ended and the safe door is locked securely.

One night, when the contractors were getting the roof on the new church building, Jim was patrolling the structure with Laddie following at his heels. With a gruff snarl, the dog stopped. Jim went to investigate, with the aid of his lantern. There, between two piles of lumber, wrapped in a blanket, was a man under the influence of liquor. He had an unopened bottle of wine near by. Laddie would not be quieted until the man had been ordered away.

A stranger arrived at the church recently to measure some of the seats. He did not know about Laddie. As soon as the dog saw him, he rushed at him and without damaging his clothing or his arm, grabbed his right arm just above the wrist and held it until the man dropped the ruler.

Every Saturday Laddie takes a bushel basket in his teeth and carries it loaded with sweepings from the sidewalk outside. He carries the basket to the cellar, empties it and brings it back for another load.

—Phil Glanzer

November 1946

Animal Worship

By F. J. WORRALL

THE Hindus look upon the Hanuman Monkey as the living representative of one of their gods, and so protect them from harm. The result is that these animals gather in large numbers about Hindu villages in family groups and live luxuriously off the farmer's crops. In fact, when they threaten to eat everybody out of house and home, the desperate villagers go out and, with many apologies, capture the tame monkey folk and deport them far into the jungle, treating them meanwhile with the most gentle care.

The "Mantled" Baboon, so-called because of the long mane worn by the males, was held sacred by the Egyptians. Dog-like in its characteristics, it is still found in great numbers in Arabia and Abyssinia.

The Crocodile was also worshipped by the ancient Egyptians and is still held in awe in certain parts of India.

The Cow was sacred to the Egyptian goddess Isis and to the Graeco-Roman goddess Hera. Apis was the bull-god of early Egypt and bull worship was common in ancient Persia and Asia Minor, the story of the "golden calf" being one of the forms of idolatry among the Israelites. To this day Hindus hold their white bulls sacred.

The Egyptian ichneumon, or more popularly known as the Mongoose, was held sacred by the inhabitants of Egypt. This small animal, about 16 inches long, was probably loved because of its usefulness in killing poisonous serpents.

The cat was regarded by the Egyptians with superstitious awe and treated as a member of the family. When a cat died it was embalmed and buried like a human being, and the members of the family went into mourning. To kill a cat was a crime punishable by death.

Mummified cats are often found among the ruins of ancient Egypt.

Superstition about cats survives even today among people in civilized countries. The cat is far more intelligent than is generally believed, retaining many of its keen, wild instincts.

Other creatures, such as the Cobra, the "hooded terror" of India, have been worshipped since the beginning of history in Asia and Africa. In the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics the figure of the cobra with expanded hood occurs constantly. Even today, the high caste Hindus refuse to kill these dangerous creatures, which are exceedingly numerous and which are responsible for thousands of deaths annually, due to snake bites.

The scarab, a type of beetle widely distributed through Africa and Asia, as well as southern Europe, was the "Sacred Beetle" of the Egyptians and numerous representatives of it are still found on ancient monuments.

The Ibis is an Egyptian bird, usually found in lakes and swamps. One species, which has a white and black plumage and a long, curved beak, is the sacred Ibis of Egypt.



Cattle and poultry on the tomb of Ptahhotep, Sakkara, Egypt.

Fashions in Names

TIME was, in the good old days, when the names given to dogs ran pretty much to form. Rex and Fido; Peter and Pal; Jack and Jill—these and countless others were bestowed upon the family pet without expenditure of mental energy. There were, of course, significant names, such as Blacky, Rusty and Tiny. There were the endearing names, like Honey; the geographical names, like Dixie; those with the culinary influence, like Peanuts, Taffy and Butter; and even the literary touch was noted in such names as Hansel and Gretel.

Came World War II, and the roster of patients admitted to our Springfield Branch Hospital was contemporaneous. Dimout, Bomber, MacArthur, Nimitz, Piper Cub and many others reflected the military.

Many of these names continue to be entered upon the medical records, since the War is not long past, but it is interesting to note that the names of puppies and young dogs being admitted today do not bear the wartime touch. Many of them show the motion picture influence, by such names as Amos and Andy, Scarlet, Blondie, Lassie, Mr. Chips, Flicka, Gable, Hedy and Amber.

Perhaps, the teen-ager had a part in

naming the family puppy, since we have such modern epithets as Sluggo, Bings, Skeets, Susie Cucumber, Sugar, Tootsie, Nuisance, Small Fry and Two-Step.

Could be the man of the household shared in naming the canine pets, also, since several names—Pepsi-Cola, Cocktail, Whiskey, Martini and Pink Lady—are reminiscent of "the cup that cheers."

Perhaps the most interesting of all the names recorded at the Hospital are those which show originality. One wonders how they happened to be. Would you expect Scottie to answer to the name of Wybs? Would you feel at ease on the front porch of a summer evening calling "Come, Nosedrop; Come, Nosedrop!" Would you expect a snow-white Spitz to answer to the name of Sparkplug, or a honey-colored spaniel to wag at the name of Charlie Horse? These and many others—Meenow, Mokee, Sacktime, Jasboe, Sir Toukie, Spider Boy, Cigar, Gizmo, Lobo, Tinkle Bell—have been bestowed by mankind upon "Man's Best Friend!"

—Charlena Kibbe



Weekly inspection of hogs at the H. L. Handy packing plant by Agent John T. Brown.

Society News

Springfield Area



Happy reunion.

Two Lost Kittens

Act 1, Scene I.—

Time, 4:30 Tuesday afternoon—

Two white, female Persian kittens, only six months old, not only lost their mittens, but also their sense of direction and ended up at the Springfield S.P.C.A. Hospital. They were found strolling through Longmeadow, too young, of course, to give their home address.

Act 2, Scene II.—

Time, 7:30 Wednesday evening—

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Paul G. Sanderson, of Colony Road, Longmeadow, proved to be a friend in need. When the doctor's teary-eyed little girls, Judy 13 and Peggy 11, told of their lost kittens, the visitor immediately produced a copy of the *Evening Union*, displaying to the sorrowing youngsters the picture of the two kittens brought into the Society.

Tears turned to smiles as the young sisters recognized their pets. They all dashed off, dinner forgotten, to get the kittens.

The kittens had failed to answer the bedtime call, but the children hadn't worried much, thinking they would be on hand for breakfast next morning. Morning came and no kittens. Snow Flake, meantime, was prowling about the house, from cellar to attic, softly meowing her grief. The family spent the entire day, searching indoors and outdoors for the lost kittens, but search was fruitless until the S. P. C. A. and the *Evening Union* combined to bring about the happy reunion.

S and Service

Boston Area



Mrs. Weathersbee presents medal.

Heroic Rescue

TO prove that man is sometimes dog's best friend, here is a story of how Mr. Elias Nour, of Stone Mountain, Georgia, saved the life of a Boston terrier that had fallen into a crevice about 400 feet down the mountainside.

Learning of the dog's plight, Mr. Nour obtained 200 feet of rope and, assisted by James Street and Walter Ashe, he climbed in relays down the steep rock. The dog was cowering on a crag between the abandoned memorial carving and a clump of trees.

Mr. Nour made his way down to the dog and his friends pulled the pair back up the slope. The dog was not injured and the first thing he did was to lick the hand of his rescuer. Then he drank almost a gallon of water.

For his heroism, our Society, through Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, representative in Georgia, presented Mr. Nour with a medal.



Urgent Need

THE Angell Memorial Hospital is once again in urgent need of white cotton cloth (old sheeting or like material) and also discarded copies of newspapers.

Both of these items are used extensively for the health and comfort of our animal patients and we shall be most appreciative of small or large gifts.

Society Rescues 25 Horses

PRESIDENT Eric H. Hansen, of our Society, recently won the plaudits of the nation, when he intervened in the plight of 25 valuable Irish horses, the innocent victims of the maritime strike.

Declaring hotly that the treatment afforded the animals was "vicious, reprehensible and an outrage," President Hansen demanded that they be freed from their suffering. Two inspections of the horses were made by Dr. W. D. Jones, of our Hospital, agents of our Society, and Mr. Hansen personally made a trip to the ship to satisfy himself completely. It was found that the animals were restless from confinement, bitten by flies, and enduring a 95-degree heat.

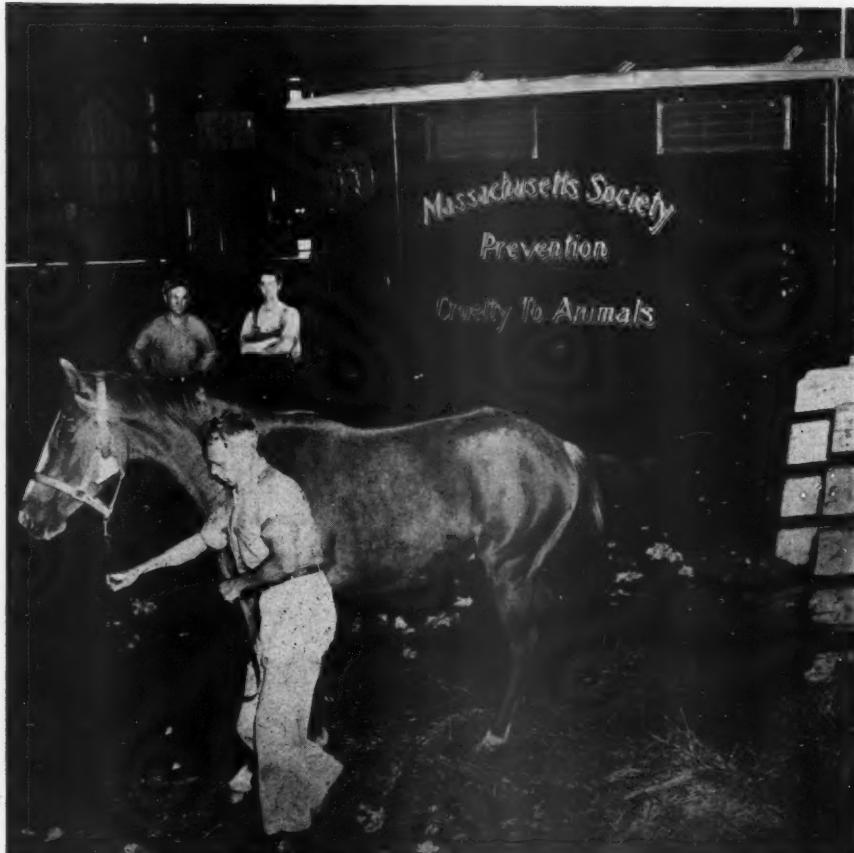
After three days of constant bickering among union factions, ship owners and consignees, President Hansen, declaring that he was not interested in what the dispute was about, stated that "the horses are not going to suffer any longer."

In consequence, two vans were made available by the consignees and, under the supervision of our Society's agents, the horses were led off the boat and started on their way to New York and Pennsylvania. During the transfer of the horses from the ship, agents of our Society were on hand with our own horse ambulance to insure proper handling and to prevent any hitch in the arrangements.

The problem involved in rescuing these animals was the bridging of the dispute over the maritime strike and the reluctance of A. F. of L. longshoremen to pass through the picket lines of the C. I. O. Each side agreed that it was a shame that the horses had to be confined on shipboard, but neither side would take the animals off. An agreement, however, was eventually worked out.

The horses—four colts, two mares and 19 geldings—had occupied their stalls on shipboard from September 7 to September 20 and although these stalls were large enough for the animals to turn around, their occupants naturally became restive under this close confinement.

Valued at many hundreds of dollars, the cost of transporting the horses to this country was \$400 each and the owners were, therefore, anxious that no harm come to them. Our Society, however, was only interested in the animals' suffering.



Strike-bound horses taken from freighter under the supervision of our Society agents.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

My Two Kittys

By Bobby Potter (Age 11)

EVERY day I do a kind act to and for my kittys, "Mitten" and "Teddy." They play together with my hens all day. My kittys are so funny and kind. They don't kill birds. I love my kittys both.

Meet "Jimmy Roosevelt"

By Grade Four, Roosevelt School, Framingham

JIMMY is a cat, a very funny cat. He lives at the Roosevelt School. We do not know how Jimmy got his first name, but his last name is the same as the name of our school.

Jimmy does many surprising tricks. That is because he is an educated cat. He visits the classrooms every day, but he does not bother anyone. If he feels sleepy he curls up on a desk. We like to have him come so we let him alone. When he comes we hide our lunches, because if we don't Jimmy will have a feast. When he is thirsty he drinks water from our flower pots, at least he did until the teacher asked someone to take care of a dish of water for Jimmy each day.

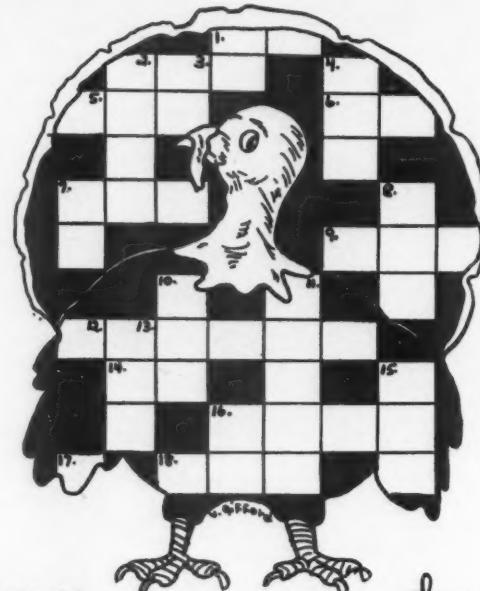
One day after lunch Jimmy fell asleep in the waste paper basket. Soon he was buried in papers. When the basket was being emptied out toppled Jimmy. He never slept in the basket again.

Once Jimmy caught a mouse. Can you guess what our Principal, Miss Cronin, did? She made out a report card for Jimmy giving him all A's!

When the photographer took our pictures Jimmy had his picture taken, too. What a handsome picture he took!

During the summer vacation Jimmy disappeared. No one knew where he was. But on the first day of school, Jimmy marched in at the end of the line.

We all love Jimmy very much and we hope that he will stay with us for a long, long time.



across

1. opposite of out.
2. Eleventh month - abbr.
5. 2000 lbs.
6. Wizard of —
7. Ocean.
9. Hearing organ.
12. Bird pictured above.
14. Railroad - abbr.
16. 
17. Fifty - Roman num.
18. Seven + three.

down

1. four - Roman num.
2. 
3. upon.
4. Canine.
7. Senior - abbr.
8. Cereal.
10. To sin.
11. Citrus fruit.
13. Vase.
15. Girl's name.
16. myself.

Answers to Cross-Word Puzzle

ACROSS: 1, in; 2, Nov.; 5, ton; 6, Oz; 7, sea; 9, ear; 12, turkey; 14, R. R.; 16, moon; 17, L; 18, ten.

DOWN: 1, IV; 2, note; 3, on; 4, dog; 7, sr.; 8, oat; 10, err; 11, lemon; 13, urn; 15, Ann; 16, me.

Why is a rooster sitting on a fence like a penny?

Because its head is on one side and its tail on the other.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



How can it be proved that a horse has six legs?

Because he has fore legs in front and two legs behind.

November 1946

Children

Oh Mrs. Purry Pussy Pet
You've brought your children two
To live with us, but don't forget
To teach them what to do.

For one's a reckless little tyke,
And one's as mild as cream,
They surely should be more alike
So much alike they seem.

Then Mrs. Purry Pussy Pet
Said, You have brothers three
And I have never noticed yet
The four of you agree.

I never would your mother blame,
You look alike 'tis true,
But when she makes you all the same,
I'll try to change my two.

—Lalia Mitchell Thornton

The China Cat

Wee Lucy had a China Cat
All colored pink and blue!
(Real pussies aren't a bit like that!
None that I ever knew!)
And what is more, this strange cat wore
Long whiskers of pea-green!
I never saw a cat before
Of such peculiar mien!

What's stranger still, it didn't care
On catnip to carouse;
It never purred nor filled the air
With petulant me-ows!
But O! it had a gorgeous tail,
Which wagged up and down!
Just like a pine tree in a gale,
The queerest tail in town!

Real pussies, as of course, you know,
Purr when they're feeling glad!
And wave their long tails to and fro,
Only when they are mad!
But this strange cat, it always wore
A grin, the broadest kind!
I guess that it was glad before,
And only mad behind!

—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay



Our Society's new display rack proved to be one of the most attractive at the Convention.

Successful Convention at Columbus

THE first post-war convention of The American Humane Association, held at Columbus, Ohio, proved to be an outstanding success with several departures from the usual procedures of past years. We wish especially to congratulate the committee on arrangements headed by Walter J. Dethloff, Chairman, and Tom Justice, Co-Chairman.

The Humane Society of the City of Columbus upheld its traditional hospitality and its personnel was always at hand to give helpful suggestions and advice to the delegates.

Among the many displays sent by various organizations throughout the country, our own new exhibit rack attracted

much favorable comment and told the story of our Societies to interested onlookers. We take this opportunity to convey our appreciation to those friends who made this display possible.

The Thursday evening banquet was highlighted by the presentation of two Humane Keys of the American Humane Education Society to Mrs. Paul M. Hendry, director, and Miss Clara Baralla, co-director of the Columbus society's Humane Education Department. The awards were made by President Eric H. Hansen in recognition of outstanding work done during the past year. Our readers will remember that each year it has been our practice to present one of

our keys to the one person who, in our opinion, has done the most for Humane Education. This year, because of the dual effort by two girls, it was decided that two keys would be given.

Perhaps the outstanding address of the evening was the tribute by Miss Florence N. Maher to retiring President Sydney H. Coleman. Miss Maher, who for thirty-nine years has served The American Humane Association under three presidents, has no equal in her complete knowledge of humane work. It was particularly fitting that she should have been chosen to deliver this speech and present the gifts of a gold watch and gold pencil and fountain pen set to Mr. Coleman.



Photo, George X. Volk

President Eric H. Hansen presents Humane Education Keys to Mrs. Paul Hendry and Miss Clara Baralla for outstanding work in Humane Education.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlene Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



Photo, Warren W. McSpadden

Miss Florence N. Maher makes presentation of gifts from The American Humane Association to its retiring president, Sydney H. Coleman.

Natural as Life

Calendars with Animal Photographs in Full Color

Something New

For only *fifteen cents* you will be able to obtain our new 1947 Calendar of Animals with portraits of animals in *full color*.

A handy size to hang over your desk, and just right for Christmas cards or gifts, this calendar combines utility with a beauty that you will treasure long after the calendars themselves are out of date.

Distinctive

Each page illustrated with a real photograph (not drawing) in *full color* of one of our animal friends.

Qualities

No reversing of pages to confuse the user, each picture may be framed without losing one on the back.

Size and

Cost An actual Christmas card for the cover.

Size—6 inches wide by 8 inches long.

Cost—only *fifteen cents* each, or in quantities of 500 or more, *twelve cents* each. *Double the value for only a few cents more.*

Imprints

For Humane Societies or individuals wishing to add a personal touch, we quote the following prices for a two-line imprint (name and address):

FOLLOWING PRICES COVER COST OF IMPRINTING, ONLY

100 calendars—\$1.75	300 calendars—\$2.25	500 calendars—\$2.75
200 calendars—\$2.00	400 calendars—\$2.50	600 calendars—\$3.00
700 calendars—\$3.25	800 to 1,000 calendars—\$3.50	

No orders for imprints can be accepted after November 15, 1946, and none for less than 100 copies. Imprint prices are in addition to the regular sale price of calendars without imprint.

Place Orders

Now Please send your order now for as many calendars as you can use. Calendars will be mailed to you in ample time for the Christmas season.

Send orders with money order or check to:

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.



Christmas card
for the cover.



Solving a Problem

HERE is an easy and valuable solution for your Christmas gift problem.

No tiring shopping excursions; no wracking of the brain to find a suitable gift, no pushing through crowds to get to the counter.

Just write us. We shall be glad to do the rest.

And what more suitable and satisfying gift, than a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* — a gift that renews itself each month.

For anyone who likes animals (and who does not?) it is the ideal gift. Give your friends the chance to enjoy reading each month true stories about animals, factual articles about their lives and habits, appealing verse, and interesting, story-telling pictures.

Using the above illustration, but printed in three colors, red, green and black, we have prepared an appealing Christmas Gift Card. This will be inscribed with your name and sent to the recipient of each gift subscription.

The price is \$1.00 a year, but if five or more subscriptions are sent, we offer a special rate of \$.60 each.

Solve your problem *now* by sending your orders to:

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

